

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

WOMAN'S HEART IS INCONSISTENT

Dick and Chad came this evening, little book, and I had occasion to note that Mollie's description of a man's man and a woman's man fitted them exactly. I could see Chad was much like Malcolm Stuart.

Chad is a very brilliant, very moody sort of person. He is still desperately in love with Mollie, but I imagine that does not make him perfectly easy to live with. Mollie gained my admiration anew by the very way she handled him.

Two or three times he and Dick were on the point of a clash over some trivial matter when Mollie stepped in and smoothed matters over.

Dick has grown very proud of himself since his success with the book concern. He wanted to talk shop, or rather he wanted to tell us how successful he was most of the time. He had brought me a very beautiful diamond pin, a thing I did not want, for I hate jewelry whose only recommendation is that it looks like money.

Honestly, little book, I tried to act as though I were grateful, but I would rather have had the money to spend through the next two or three years for flowers.

I expect, little book, anyone but you would think I was crazy if I told them I would gladly exchange diamonds for flowers. But I have always had a very tender and understanding feeling for the ancient philosopher who said: "If you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy hyacinths."

There is a soul hunger, little book, that is the heritage of all humanity, a hunger that some of us like Dick try to kill with material things and others pamper with ideals and illusions to the extent of starving one's body.

Chadwick Hatton has neglected the material side in his somewhat disappointing hunt for the "stuff

that dreams are made of," and Dick has drowned his soul in the ruck of material pleasure and material gain.

I like to think of myself, little book, as a materialist. That we always think of ourselves as what we are not is borne out by the fact that all my friends either throw up their hands or laugh heartily when I tell them I am very materialistic.

However, I do not think, and I am sure neither do you, little book, that one has to deny all the operations and devices one's imagination conceives still to understand that material things are those by which we must live.

I only dare say these things to you, little book, for I know that Dick would laugh at me if I told these foolish little thoughts to him. Surely Dick is a man's man and women—even his wife—must always play a secondary place in his life.

Now when I go back it will be business that will engross him. For me there will perhaps be times when I form the bulk of his thoughts, but it is easy to see that Dick wants to settle down, not into a devoted husband, but into a substantial business man and citizen.

This is a very human, or rather a very masculine, trait in a man as he nears forty. As one slips over the thirty-fifth birthday he begins to think of the time when he cannot work and so gets kind of panic-stricken if he does not see an assured income in the future.

Men, I have found, little book, are creatures of one idea. They are able to concentrate on one thing and put it through to success or throw it over as a failure and take up something else.

In courtship a man thinks of nothing else—until he marries the girl.

Dick, little book, is really gaining poise. His hair is whitening a little at the temples and he has grown a